

THE *10 Sc*
SONGS OF SION
IN
GOSPEL SOUND.

BY
FRANCIS HEWS,
MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL
at
DUNSTABLE AND WESTONING.

*Unto him that loved us, and washed us from
our sins in his own blood.—Rev. i. 5.*

BERKHAMSED:
PRINTED AT THE HERALD OFFICE,
BY W. M'DOWALL.
Anno 1800.

21

STON & SONS



THE BRITISH MUSEUM
LONDON

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M

SION's SONGS.

May be had of Mr Mullis, Wilston;

Mr Hickson, Langford;

Mr Keeling, Poton;

Mr Rawley, Westoning; Mrs Hews,

Aldbury;

And of the Author, Dunstable.

P R E F A C E.

IT may seem needless to many for another book of Hymns to be published, after so many compositions and collections having already appeared; but my reason for publishing the present, is not because I was born or bred to the business of hymn-making, but because I am not satisfied with any collection or composition I have ever seen. I own, of many, the bells were cast at a celebrated foundry, and in ringing, are tunable enough to many; but a clear Gospel tone is not found in them. For perfectus, absolutus, consummatus, exactus, perfection, human wisdom, and strength, and

merit, free will, and the like, give Sion's bells a Levitical twang. If perfection be brought in, it should be applied to the Author (Multifsimus) a perfect fool.

These Hymns are intended, under God, to sink the Creature to his real standard of worthlessness and helplessness, and to exalt the Saviour in the hearts of his people. The emptiness of man, and fullness of Christ, are my topicks, and will not suit the relish of corrupted nature, nor answer the purpose of gilding, or varnish to hide, a base metal.

Original sin, eternal absolute election, particular redemption, efficacious grace in regeneration, the impotence of the will of man to that which is spiritually good, the perseverance of the saints, the special providence of God, the end of the righteous

and the wicked, christian experience, the nature of true faith, with the fruits of grace ; the complete salvation of Jesus, and the promise of eternal life in him to the elect, with the ordinance of baptism and that of the Lord's supper, are the subject-matter of the following Hymns.

*Reader, God bless you—Your's to serve
with such as I have.*

F. Hewes,

DUNSTABLE,
February 13th, 1800.

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To the ... of the ...

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SION's SONGS.

HYMN I.

For there are three that bear record in Heaven.—1 John, v. 7.

Now let us all agree
To raise united cry,
To the eternal Three,
That sit enthron'd on high;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
That deign'd to save us sinners lost.

The Father's boundless love
Demands a grateful song;
Unchangeable it moves
Eternity along;
Stands like the Lord for ever sure,
And will when time shall be no more.

The Saviour's charming name
 Is music to the ear;
 Go, spread abroad his fame,
 Bid dying sinners hear:
 He that has died to save the soul,
 Is rais'd upon the gospel pole.

Into the hardest heart,
 Immortal Spirit, shine,
 And bid us never part
 With what in Christ we find;
 Thus shall we love, praise, and adore
 Thee, now, henceforth, and evermore.

HYMN II.

*Father, I will that they also whom thou hast
 given me, be with me where I am.*

John, xvii. 42.

Is this the Saviour's will?
 Then, Lord, it must be done;
 All thou hast put into his hands,
 Shall see him on his throne.

May I with them be found,
In that blest world above ;
And bow and sing among 'em there,
And blefs redeeming love.

Redeem'd from death and hell
By thy almighty grace,
With thee and thine my soul shall dwell,
For ever near thy face.

Thy glory to behold,
And sing thy praise above,
With those who on their harps of gold,
Proclaim that God is love.

HYMN III.

A tried Stone.—Isaiah, xxviii. 16.

BEHOLD ! Jehovah's love
A sure foundation lays,
Thro' Jesus' rich atoning blood,
For everlasting praise.

This tried almighty stone
Has stood thro' ages past;
And still supports the Church alone,
And will for ever last.

It stood the serpent's pow'r,
And all that earth could wage;
And firm remains unto this hour,
To everlasting praise.

'Twas tried by God's own hand,
And bore his wrath divine;
By which 'twas polish'd still to stand,
And bright for ever shine.

No stone like this above,
On earth no other prop;
'Twas laid by everlasting love,
And well supports our hope.

'Tis here my soul would rest,
And never quit its hold;
Till I with Christ, in glory blest,
This tried stone behold.

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HYMN IV.

PART FIRST.

Thou art my hiding-place.—Psalm, xxxii. 7.

WHERE must the guilty fly,
That feels his load of sin,
By God condemn'd to die
And self-condemn'd within?
Can any way be found to heal?
Not any sure by nature's skill.

What if his life he mend,
To make a friend of God,
And unto means attend,
And weepeth tears of blood?
The law will curse with every breath,
And daily wound his soul with death.

He deeper sinks in woe,
And finds his guilt increase,
To God he durst not go,
And from him has no peace:

The sentence past within his breast,
Without reprieve he'll ne'er find rest.

But how can justice smile,
Upon the guilty soul?
And mercy all the while,
Pronounce the sinner whole?
Through Jesus Christ, the living head,
Who all the legal debt has paid,

HYMN V.

PART SECOND.

WHEN Christ becomes the friend,
He makes the contest cease,
Pays off each law-demand,
And gives a full release;
And Justice, satisf'd by Christ,
Says, Mercy, bid the soul rejoice.

O! blissful sound of grace,
To souls that seek its store,
And wait to see Christ's face,
And knock at Mercy's door:

How blest when he his love imparts,
And they can feel Christ in their hearts.

This happiness be mine,
Then hark! thou bleeding love,
I shall in glory shine,
And see thy face above:
Enraptur'd sing the song of grace,
To thee, my Lord, my hiding-place.

HYMN VI.

*Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal
upon thine arm.—Sol. Song, viii. 6.*

JESUS, to me this grace impart,
Thou God of heav'nly love;
Set me a seal upon thy heart,
Nor death nor hell can move.

As Aaron on his breast did bear*,
The names of Jacob's sons;

* *Exod. xxviii. 9.*

Me on thy breast, my Jesus, wear,
Among the chosen ones*.

Yea, set me as a precious seal
On thy dear heart divine;
Thy cov'nant-love to me reveal,
And shew me I am thine.

Deep stamp'd by thee may it appear,
With holiness in view;
Thy likeness, Jesus, may I bear,
And bear it plainly too.

And seal me also on thine arm,
My Jesus, wear me there;
And guard my soul secure from harm,
And keep me in thy care.

Thus seal'd upon thy heart and arm,
And kept by love divine,
My soul shall weather ev'ry storm,
And then in glory shine.

* *John*, xv. 16.

HYMN VII.

*Surely the land of Canaan floweth with milk
and honey, and this cluster of grapes is the
fruit of it.—Numb. xiii. 27.*

ALAS! how long I sought,
For solid blifs below;
But time's best comforts dearly bought,
No solid good bestow.

If blest with plenty, I
Have yet a starving mind;
I feed on ashes, and must die,
At best but drink the wind*.

Howe'er my body's fed,
With what this earth supplies;
My soul must have the gospel bread,
Or sick it grows, and dies.

Isaiah, xliv. 20. Hosea, xii. 1.

I've found, thro' Christ the Lord,
The better promis'd land;
Where milk and honey keep their hoard,
And grapes in clusters stand.

These grapes my soul hath eat,
And O! how rich they be;
They make me long, and inly pant,
The vine above to see.

Upon that vine to feast,
In Canaan's land above;
There made an everlasting guest,
Nor more from hence remove.

HYMN VIII.

*And given him a name which is above every
name.—Phil. ii. 9.*

JESUS, the name high over all,
In heav'n, on earth, in hell;
Before whom shining seraphs fall,
Who ruleth all things well.

l, Holy they cry, and so thou art,
Own'd by the host above;
d, Thy holiness to me impart,
The fruit of heav'nly love.

Repentance deep, and faith that's sound,
Jesus, on me bestow;
And in that way may I be found,
Which thy redeemed go.

Save me by grace unto the end,
Then take me home to thee;
And Jesus' name my soul shall sing,
Thro' all eternity.

HYMN IX.

PART FIRST.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.—Isaiah, xl. 11.

RANSOM'D by the Saviour's blood,
Are the chosen sons of God;
By the church's sov'reign head,
These to Zion's fold are led.

Under Jesus' watchful eye,
In these pastures safe do lie;
They are his by price and pow'r,
He will keep them evermore.

If some lion seize a lamb,
Then the Saviour's mighty arm
Takes it from the beast of pray,
Bears the chosen charge away.

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If some hireling's voice invoke
This, the Saviour's ransom'd flock,
Teachings from the Lord forbid
They the hireling's voice should heed.

Christ alone will have the heart,
With his chosen ne'er will part;
Love from him begets their love,
To the church's head above.

HYMN X.

PART SECOND.

THE chosen of the Lord
Are call'd by saving grace,
To live upon the Saviour's word,
And trust his promises.

The bleating sheep appear,
And often raise a cry,
While Christ their Shepherd, drawing
Doth ev'ry want supply. [near,

He knows their ev'ry need
And freely doth he give:
For them the Shepherd deign'd to bleed
For them he now doth live.

He keeps both great and small,
And guides with careful hand,
Till he hath brought them, one and all,
To feast in Canaan's land.

HYMN XI.

PART THIRD.

No man upon the earth
Can feed the church of God,
Except his soul's of heav'nly birth,
And he be taught of God.

The ransom'd sheep appear
As in a starving case,
When they a stranger's voice do hear
That favours not of grace.

The doctrine may be good,
But if the man don't know
What pardon is in Jesus' blood,
The sheep appear but low.

Experience from the heart
The sheep of Christ make glad;
The Lord the blessing doth impart,
And then the sheep are fed.

The Holy Spirit's giv'n,
The word for to apply;
The sheep receive the word from heav'n,
And leap and skip for joy.

HYMN XII.

PART FOURTH.

THERE is a Shepherd kind and strong,
That's mindful of his sheep;
And in his bosom bears the young,
And doth in safety keep.

Each helpless lamb of his that 's here,
He 'll gather by his grace;
And in his tender bosom bear
Along the wilderness.

Thus well secured they from harm,
And kept from ev'ry foe;
His bosom sweet their hearts doth warm,
And stronger thus they grow.

Thus held in Jesus' arms of love,
And leaning on his breast,
They safe and sweetly onward move,
To be for ever blest.

HYMN XIII.

PART FIFTH.

SOME ewes in Jesus' pasture feed,
That pregnant are with young;
And these the Lord will gently lead,
And help their feet along.

Yes, there are souls, by fervent pray'r,
That wrestle hard with God ;
And wait the time when he'll appear,
To make the promise good.

And when he brings into the birth,
He will not then deceive ;
His grace shall bring the children forth,
They ask their God to give,

Dear Lord, thy ransom'd flock regard,
And gather up thy own ;
And bless the ewes with full reward,
That travail till thou come.

HYMN XIV.

PROPHET.

PROPHET of thy people all,
Hear me, Jesus, when I call ;
Make me to salvation wise,
Shed thy grace and ope my eyes.

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Shew me, Lord, how vile I be,
Make me know my need of thee;
Let thy Spirit free impart
Full salvation to my heart.

Teach me as thou teachest thine;
Learn me lessons all divine:
Make me know thy precious blood;
Let me have the peace of God.

Let me know what scriptures mean,
Make the darkest passage plain;
Give me, Lord, a clearer sight
Of the truth, in thy own light.

Keep me in the narrow way,
Never suffer me to stray;
Teach me daily, by thy grace,
Till in heav'n I see thy face.

There, with all the host above,
Lost in wonder, praise, and love,
Spend a long eternity,
Seeing, knowing more of thee.

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HYMN XV.

PRIEST.

FOR ever thou a Priest art made,
 My Jesus, and my God;
 And in the court of heav'n doth plead
 The merit of thy Blood.

To this thy all-availing plea,
 Thy father doth attend;
 And looks and smiles on worthless me,
 And shews himself my friend.

When all my sins my Jesus bore,
 And grappl'd fore in blood;
 And, sunk beneath each penal score,
 He paid my debt to God.

And now he pleads for me on high;
 The incence of his pray'r
 Perfumes the region of the sky,
 And brings my Father near.

'Tis here I'd fix my ev'ry hope,
And rest on Christ alone;
And send my pray'r and praises up,
Thro' the atoning Son.

HYMN XVI.

KING.

WELL, Christ has died and rose again,
Ascended up on high;
And there we see fair Zion's King,
Enthron'd above the sky.

As King he'll rule in all his own,
By love and righteousness:
Reveals his will, and makes it known,
And gives the pow'r of grace.

The sceptre well becomes his hand,
And saints from love do bow,
Obedient to his high command,
And grace instructs them how.

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But those who dare oppose his reign,
Must feel his iron rod ;
Will by the King of saints be slain,
And know the wrath of God.

HYMN XVII.

*Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, and let
not thine heart be gled when he stumbleth :
Lest the Lord see it, and it displease him,
and he turn away his wrath from him.—
Prov. xxiv. 17, 18.*

O my base and wicked heart,
All corrupt in ev'ry part!
Ever roving, prone to stray
From the truth of gospel way.

If some snare my foe beguile,
How this wicked heart would smile ;
If he tumbl'd into sin,
What a pleasure rose within.

Had his sin his ruin been,
I had gloried in his sin;
Had he sunk in endless thrall,
I had triumph'd in his fall.

What a wicked wretch am I!
Justice says I ought to die;
Vengeance might have reach'd my head,
Spar'd the foe, and struck me dead.

May thy mercy learn me how
Mercy to my foe to shew;
Tell me how to live aright,
Make sweet mercy my delight.

Lord, thy teachings I desire,
How to cast this mercy's fire
On the spiteful, when they frown,
Not to burn, but melt them down.

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HYMN XVIII.

He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread.—Prov. xxviii. 19.

WANTEDST thou the living bread?
 Would thy soul with this be fed?
 Look to Christ for heav'nly skill,
 How the ground you well may till.

Ground corrupt of thy own heart,
 Foul and dry in ev'ry part;
 Ground so bad as this to bear,
 Sin and sinful sorrow there,

'Till it's broke by Jesus' grace,
 Legal plants will grow apace;
 Bible seed must there be sown,
 Else no fruit the Lord will own.

Gracious tears may mellow well,
 Fervent pray'r will help the soil;

Wash it well in Jesus' blood,
Then the soil is sweet and good.

Daily watch the filthy swine,
Swinish lusts will eat the grain;
Careful be to move the thorn,
Cares of earth choak all the corn.

Seek to Jesus and his word,
Ask instruction of the Lord;
There for ev'ry blessing flee,
And a blessing thou shalt see.

HYMN XIX.

*Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, cir-
cumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian,
Scythian, bond, nor free: but Christ is all,
and in all.—Col. iii. 11.*

HAUGHTY sinners talk in vain,
Wisdom is not found with them,
Of their power and their part,
Till they urge the Christian's heart.

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Holy Scripture plain doth shew
Man is weak, and worthless too ;
Born in sin and total blind,
Till the Lord release his mind.

Once I thought I'd something got,
And was pleas'd enough with that ;
Now I find I've nought at all,
Jesus Christ is all in all.

All my wisdom is the Lord,
All my treasure's in his word ;
All my power he to keep,
Safe among his ransom'd sheep.

All the merits I can claim,
Is the death of Christ the Lamb ;
All my hope of joy above,
Is from Jesus' dying love.

This is he of whom I sing,
All he is in ev'ry thing ;
Gives me pow'r to watch and pray,
Will to serve him day by day.

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Will and pow'r his name to love,
Will and pow'r his truth to prove;
Will and pow'r to seek his face,
Glory be unto his grace.

HYMN XX.

And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into Heaven. And they worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy.— Luke, xxiv. 51, 52.

AND now the time is come,
The Lord must mount on high;
He leaves a blessing with his own,
Then soars into the sky.

He soars with easy flight,
Beyond the sight of men;
Unfold ye doors of endless light,
And let the Saviour in.

The gazing skies reply,
 Who is this mighty one?
 The King of Glory, angels cry,
 The Father's equal Son.

From regions of the dead,
 The Conqu'ring Hero's come;
 Bow down ye gates your lofty heads,
 Receive him to his throne.

There, seated on his throne,
 The Sov'reign Lord of all,
 Myriads of saints and angels own,
 And low before him fall.

There Zion's King doth sit,
 That ev'ry saint may rise,
 And fill at last a blissful seat,
 With Jesus, in the skies.

HYMN XXI.

*When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished: And he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.—
John, xix. 30.*

THE dreadful work is done,
'Tis finish'd, Jesus cries;
Now hear, ye saints, his parting groan.
He bows his head and dies.

'Tis finish'd, all is well,
And ev'ry debt is paid;
He took our sins, our curse, our hell,
And full atonement made.

HYMN XXII.

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.—2 Cor. v. 1.

THE vital spark will fly,
The mortal frame decay,
When Jesus from on high,
Shall call my soul away;
And bid me rise, thro' dying love,
Unto a house prepar'd above.

And can it, Lord, be so?
The work is all thine own;
None else the work can do,
But the Eternal Son.
'Tis wondrous grace that bids me rise,
To take a mansion in the skies.

It is a building fair,
 Form'd by Eternal Love,
 For ev'ry chosen heir,
 Whom Jesus calls above.
 By Christ they enter into rest,
 In glory are for ever blest.

This bliss-inspiring hope,
 That looks within the vail,
 Doth well the soul support,
 When pow'rs of nature fail.
 The Holy Ghost's the earnest giv'n,
 A certain pledge of bliss in heav'n.

HYMN XXIII.

PART FIRST.

*I have fought the good fight, I have finished
 my course, I have kept the faith.*

2 Tim. iv. 7.

A CHAMPION here I see,
 And one of worthy fame,

Who fought in gospel liberty,
And Paul's the warrior's name.

By grace he war did wage,
And, kept by pow'r divine,
With earth and hell did well engage,
And doth in glory shine.

Each saint a warrior is,
And, if his heart be right,
Will fight his way to endless bliss,
In the Redeemer's might.

'Tis thus my soul would fight
Each foe attacking me;
And when I've done, thro' Jesus' might
More than a conqu'ror be.

HYMN XXIV.

PART SECOND.

AND when the time shall come,
The christian's war shall end,

The conqu'ror go triumphant home
To his Immortal Friend :

And what a time is this,
When ev'ry toil is o'er,
Safe landed in the realms of bliss,
Where foes disturb no more.

The race is fully run,
The goal they safely reach,
In Christ the conquest fully won,
And won by saving grace.

'Tis finish'd, all is o'er,
And up the soldier flies,
To dwell with Christ for evermore,
His Captain in the skies.

Then see him cast his crown,
Before the Saviour's face;
Well done a voice springs from the throne,
He cries it's all of grace.

HYMN XXV.

PART THIRD.

'Tis finish'd, all is well,
 No more is to be done ;
 The soul, redeem'd from death and hell,
 In glory wears the crown.

The war that rag'd within,
 No more disturbs the peace ;
 The soul's a full release from sin,
 In the sweet realms of bliss.

The world torments no more,
 Nor can its baits ensnare ;
 When landed safe on Canaan's shore,
 No worldly thing is there.

Legions of fiends no more,
 The warrior can engage ;
 He's beyond temptations pow'r,
 And all the devil's rage.

There death no more can come
Anear the realms of blifs;
By grace the warrior's now at home,
And full falvation's his.

HYMN XXVI.

PART FOURTH.

TRUE faith within the heart,
Is Jesus' special gift,
And with it saints can never part,
The Spirit doth them keep.

Thus Paul did firmly stand,
And by the Spirit's pow'r;
By faith he view'd the promis'd land,
In his departing hour.

Firm to the truth he stood,
Nor could he with it part;
For he receiv'd it from his God,
Who seal'd it on his heart.

May I like him be found,
And when I come to die,
Stand steadfast on the gospel ground,
And so to Glory fly.

'Tis truth will bear the test,
When to the verge we come;
'Tis truth will make us ever blest,
In that eternal home.

From roving save my heart,
My dear redeeming God:
Nor let me from the truth depart,
To some forbidden road.

HYMN XXVII.

PART FIFTH.

THE soul that keeps the faith,
That through God's grace believes,
The Holy Scripture this doth teach,
Salvation he receives.

There death no more can come
Anear the realms of blifs;
By grace the warrior's now at home,
And full falvation's his.

HYMN XXVI.

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HYMN XXVII.

PART FIFTH.

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That through God's grace believes,
The Holy Scripture this doth teach,
Salvation he receives.

The crown of glory waits,
And saints shall it receive,
To deck them in the heav'nly state,
Who in the Lord believe.

For saints, laid up on high,
And by the Lord made sure;
This they receive whene'er they die,
And wear it evermore.

'Tis not for one alone,
But all that Jesus loves;
Whom he will call unto his throne,
To dwell with him above.

A full reward of grace,
When he appears, he'll give:
His Saints shall see his smiling face,
And ever with him live.

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HYMN XXVIII.

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.—John xi.

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IN Lazarus I see,
A sinner's woeful case;
How dead in sin they be,
Till Jesus saves by grace:
Till he appears to give the word,
And up they rise to serve the Lord.

He bids the dying live,
He sends the power forth;
The dead the word receive,
That goes from Jesus' mouth:
They rise and shake themselves from earth,
As souls new born by heav'nly birth.

'Tis grace alone can raise,
And form the soul for God;

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And grace shall have the praise,
 From souls redeem'd by blood :
 The quicken'd soul by it shall rise,
 To life immortal in the skies.

HYMN XXIX.

*I am black, because the sun hath looked upon
 me.—Cant. i. 6.*

VAIN man, however wise,
 Can never know his heart,
 Till Jesus makes the simple wise,
 And shews the hidden part.

Nor will he well agree,
 When such a truth is told,
 But from the killing sight will flee,
 Which pride cannot behold.

But where the Lord doth look,
 There sin discover'd is,
 Possession of his heart is took,
 A captive to his grace,

If once the sun doth rise
Upon the guilty soul,
And grace gives light unto his eyes,
He finds there's no part whole.

But when the Lord doth shew,
His shining smiling face,
It buries all the sinner's woe,
In triumphs of his grace.

This blessed look doth fill
The mourner's sad complaint;
And, with a song to grace, doth fill
The mouth of ev'ry saint.

HYMN XXX.

*For there the Lord commanded the blessing even
life for evermore.—Psalms, cxxxiii. 3.*

BLESS'D be the Father's boundless love,
To Zion's chosen race,
That sends a message from above,
Of life, and truth, and grace.

The law bespeaks his awful wrath,
 And makes his terrors known;
 But this command is life thro' grace,
 Abounding in his Son.

HYMN XXXI.

*The righteous also shall hold on his way, and
 he that hath clean hands shall be stronger
 and stronger.—Job, xvii. 9.*

W^HATE'ER blind men may say
 About the grace of God,
 No soul shall fall away,
 That Jesus bought with blood.
 He keeps the sheep with tender care,
 The lambs doth in his bosom bear.

Not evil of the heart,
 Nor pow'r of inbred sin,
 Shall make the Lord desert
 The soul he did redeem.
 His mighty love shall conquer all,
 And sin and death before it fall.

Nor shall the devil boast
Of conquest over one,
That God the Holy Ghost
Hath quicken'd thro' the Son:
Nor steal the Spirit's charge away,
'Tis seal'd unto redemption's day.

Their standing is in grace,
And, kept by mighty pow'r,
Shall all arrive in bliss,
And live for evermore;
And feel their hearts the Love adore,
That plac'd them safe on Canaan's shore.

HYMN XXXII.

Lord it is good for us to be here.

Matt. xvii. 4.

WHEN on the mount of Jesus' love,
I find a happy place;
O how I long to soar above,
Among the heirs of bliss.

O earth begone, I eager cry,
 And let my soul alone;
 Upon this mount I long to die,
 And go to Jesus home.

When thus my God my soul doth own,
 And entertaineth me,
 The world, like dew before the sun,
 Doth quickly pass away.

Nor could I ever wish to move
 From this delightful place,
 Till Jesus calls my soul above,
 To see his lovely face.

HYMN XXXIII.

*In the light of the King's countenance is life;
 and his favour is as a cloud of the latter
 rain.—Prov. xvi. 15.*

WHEN men but walk a legal round,
 In what they call a duty found,
 And hear a pray'r read;

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They think they've all things needful done,
And thus you'll hear them prattle home,
We serve the Lord indeed.

But he that walks by faith with God,
Hath fellowship thro' Jesus' blood,
And hath the light of grace :
By faith he lives upon the word,
And holds communion with the Lord,
And sees his smiling face.

But careless walking oft doth bring
Horrors of darkness on the mind,
While Jesus hides his face;
Nor can the christian cheerful rise,
No rays of light to bless his eyes,
Till Jesus shews his grace.

And then, as rain on parched ground,
The blessings of his grace are found,
And fruit begins to grow;
Their God they own a Living Spring,
And of his mercy sweetly sing,
While fruits of grace they shew.

HYMN XXXIV.

Him hath God exalted as a Prince and a Saviour.—Acts, v. 31.

PRINCE of light, enthron'd above,
Thy grace to me impart;
Bless me with thy dying love,
And shed it in my heart.
Shed on me the melting flame,
And make my heart dissolve in love,
While I view the slaughter'd Lamb,
And dying kindness prove.

Work repentance in my heart,
And living faith bestow;
Let me see my just desert,
And then thy kindness shew:
Saving grace bestow on me
And all my numerous guilt forgive;
See, for life, I flee to thee,
O bid the dying live.

Thou doth use the sceptre well
 Of thy redeeming love;
 Ransom'd sinners this can tell,
 Now in the World above.
 Cause my stubborn heart to bow,
 Now may I own thy gentle sway,
 Own thy love and bless thee now
 And cheerfully obey.

HYMN XXXV.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?
Rom. viii. 35.

THE Lord's a friend that holdeth fast
 Each soul he loves, from first to last,
 Whatever be their frame: [cold,
 They're sometimes hot and sometimes
 But Jesus ever keeps his hold,
 And always is the same.

He's with them when they sink in thral!,
 His arms of love embrace them all,
 Nor with a soul will part:

No foe shall rise of fiends or men,
That shall a victory obtain,
To tear them from his heart.

His love had birth ere time began,
When time's no more it will remain,
Eternally the same :
Tho' rods and frowns, and fiends and men,
Are paying here the ransom'd train,
They're kept in Jesus' name.

For what shall wrest them from his heart?
Nor earth nor hell shall ever part
Their souls and Christ they love :
He's bought 'em with his precious blood,
And safe will take them home to God,
For ever blest'd above.

HYMN XXXVI.

Who gave Himself for us.—Titus, ii. 14.

Our friend on high hath kindness shown,
And brought his grace unto his own,
In justice doom'd to die:

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He visits earth in human form,
And condescends to be a worm,
To raise them up on high.

The law demanded all our blood,
But Jesus shed a vital flood,
To rid us of the debt;
He liv'd for us a perfect life,
He died for us a painful death,
And finish'd all complete.

Let all that taste his boundless love,
Exalt his name, all names above,
And of his kindness sing:
Adore the Lamb for what he's wrought,
That hath a full salvation brought;
To him their praises bring.

HYMN XXXVII.

Take the garment that is surety for a stranger.
Prov. xx. 16.

My native pride has work'd within,
To prompt me up with self and sin,
And keep me from the Lord:

Like others, born in sin, and blind,
 I could not see my heart inclin'd
 To wander from thy word.

But now in Jesus' light, I see
 My helpless state of misery,
 And own my sinfulness:
 No raiment can my soul provide,
 That can the least pollution hide;
 'Tis but a fig-leaf dress.

But Grace proclaims the Lord is nigh,
 His garments take who once did die,
 And paid thy legal debt:
 A surety he, a real friend,
 That gave his life the score to end,
 And shews a full receipt.

This word of grace may I believe,
 The garment of the Lord receive,
 And low before him fall:
 Christ's robe with me will sweetly suit,
 For I'm all vile from head to foot;
 But that doth cover all.

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In this I'm fairer than the moon,
 In brightness shall outshine the sun,
 And unto court may go :
 No angel there, however clean,
 In such a dress was ever seen,
 They no such cov'ring know.

HYMN XXXVIII.

*Unite my heart to fear thy name.—Psalm,
 lxxxvi. 11.*

How long, dear Saviour, shall it be,
 That I shall rove and stray from thee?
 O shed thy love to bind my heart,
 Nor let it thus from thee depart.

When I am thinking on thy love,
 And something of its sweetness prove,
 Some mortal object in the way,
 Doth quickly cause my heart to stray.

Each roving step creates me pain,
 My time is lost, the search is vain ;

Then long to be brought near to thee,
But quickly rove again astray.

Unite my roving heart to thee,
As ivy growing round a tree;
Instruct this heart by faith to twine,
A living branch, round Christ, the vine.

HYMN XXXIX.

All things are delivered unto me of my Father.—Matt. xi. 27.

ALL that the chosen want while here,
And all the blest'd receive above,
In Jesus' fullness doth appear;
The fruit of everlasting love.

He speaks unto the dead in sin,
And they the word of life receive:
He brings them near, and makes them clean,
Who, thro' his grace, on him believe.

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And, lodg'd in Jesus' hands, to give,
Is all the Father can bestow,
What saints on earth from him receive,
And what the blest'd above do know.

HYMN XL.

*All things that the Father hath are mine.—
John, xvi. 15.*

O THOU immortal Spirit,
Now shed on us thy flame;
Apply the Saviour's merit,
And glorify the Lamb.
His righteousness imputed
The ransom'd sinner's wedding dress;
And well the bride is suited,
When thus array'd by grace.

'Tis thy grace shall make us meet,
To soar and mount on high;
Here before the mercy seat,
The Saviour's grace apply.
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Let us have each sin forgiv'n,
 Now thro' the Lamb's atoning blood;
 Purge away the cursed leav'n,
 And bring us near to God.

HYMN XLI.

*Make haste my beloved, and be thou like to a
 roe.—Cant. viii. 14.*

WHY Jesus, my Lord,
 I surely must love,
 His worship and word,
 My heart would approve;
 And when he's not near me,
 My heart it doth pine,
 But when he comes to me
 My joys are divine.

Affection within
 This serveth to show,
 But more to attain,
 I onward wou'd go;
 By mercy I'm moved,
 Tho' oftimes I doubt,

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Christ is my beloved,
 I must speak it out.
 My pride doth arise,
 And motions of sin
 Fill me with surprise,
 And weaken within;
 While I'm filled with fear,
 These should have the sway,
 O make haste and appear,
 Dear Jesus, for me.

HYMN XLII.

*I am the root and offspring of David, and
 the bright and morning star.—Revelation,
 xxii. 16.*

MORNING star, I wait for thee,
 Shed thy rays of light on me,
 Shine upon my path to guide,
 And I need not be afraid.

Thou, the star of Jacob's race,
 Israel's God, a trav'ler bless,

On my drooping spirit shine,
Chear my heart with rays divine.

O thou Day, spring from on high,
Guard my soul and keep me nigh;
Rays of light to me impart,
Light my feet and chear my heart.

Thou that did the wise men lead,
Show me also where to tread;
Be a starlight from the east,
Leading me to endless rest.

Go before me in the way,
Brighter shining ev'ry day;
Let me see thy rays more clear,
Till my star a sun appear.

HYMN XLIII.

But I will correct thee in measure.—

Jeremiah, xxx. 11.

WHEN God corrects for sin,
He'll make us know our heart,

How very foul we are within,
And what is our desert.

The neck of pride he'll break,
And bring the sinner low,
The haughty stubborn heart he'll check,
Before he mercy shew.

And if we still reply,
He'll strike another stroke,
Till low in dust the spirit lie,
And then he'll smiling look.

His love attends the rod,
And well with him doth suit,
Chastised children own it good,
When they enjoy the fruit.

HYMN XLIV.

THE CHRISTIAN'S COURSE.

Is this the narrow way,
That leads to endless bliss?

Are these the toils thy children try,
While in the wilderness.

What various scenes of woe,
What heart-perplexing care,
Do Zion's children undergo,
While they do sojourn here!

But there's a rest above,
Where all their toil shall cease,
Prepar'd by everlasting love,
In glory and in bliss.

HYMN XLV.

I am the way, and the truth, and the life.—
John, xiv. 6.

I AM, faith Christ, the way,
Let this be seen by faith;
It follows then where'er we stray,
'Tis in the road to death.

I am, faith Christ, the truth,
Then all beside's a lie,

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Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
No mortal can deny.

I am, saith Christ, the life,
Then all beside is death;
The scripture thus will end the strife,
The just shall live by faith.

HYMN XLVI.

HOPE IN DARKNESS.

DARKEN'D soul, a little while,
Banish'd from the light of day,
Soon before thy Saviour's smile,
All thy gloom shall pass away.

Thou may'st think thy hope is vain,
And thy God will ne'er appear,
But he hears thy soul complain;
Tho' thou see him not, he's near.

Faithful is thy Jesus still,
Treachery with thee is found;

Jesus will his love reveal,
Make thy hope and joy abound.

HYMN XLVII.

*And we beheld his glory, the glory as of the
only-begotten of the Father, full of grace
and truth.—John, i. 14.*

THE Lord descending from above,
Unfolds his Father's boundless love,
Unto the chosen race;
His message was of mercy mild,
When he appear'd a little child,
How full of truth and grace.

And when he grew to bigger size,
The sacred rays blest'd both his eyes,
And gilded all his face;
His own beheld the heav'nly form,
The Father's coeternal son,
So full of truth and grace.

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When he to preach the truth began,
 Then list'ning stood the chosen train,
 And caught the heav'nly flame ;
 His grace attended ev'ry word,
 And John stands pointing to the Lord,
 And cries behold the Lamb.

The law condemns the fallen race,
 And there we see no rays of grace,
 That was to Moses giv'n ;
 But grace and truth by Jesus came,
 To saints a more delightful name,
 Than all on earth or heav'n.

HYMN XLVIII.

*Besides him there is no Saviour.—Isaiah,
 xliii. 11.*

OF him that did salvation bring,
 I could for ever think and sing ;
 His boundless love no tongue can tell,
 But grace enables some to feel.

The needy soul he will relieve,
Riches of grace are his to give;
The helpless sons of want shall find,
Though they are base the Lord is kind.

He bows attentive to their cry,
And when they pray, the Lord is nigh;
The soul that seeks the Lamb once slain,
Shall never say it fought in vain.

He pardons sins of num'rous years,
And cancels all their vast arrears;
He bids the killing sentence fly,
And brings the great salvation nigh.

A quicken'd sinner ne'er can find
Ease for the torment of the mind,
Whate'er he do, whate'er apply,
Till Christ with saving grace draws nigh.

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HYMN XLIX.

BOASTING VAIN.

WHAT leads a soul to boast,
Or prompt it up with pride?
'Tis plain it's not the Holy Ghost,
Whate'er it be beside,

Suppose we Sin, it call,
The name is not amiss;
'Twas this produc'd the devil's fall,
And sunk him down from bliss.

And if in me it reign,
'Twill prove my ruin too;
By sov'reign grace it must be slain,
Or 'twill my soul undo.

HYMN L.

*Thou art the King of Israel.**John, i. 49.*

YE ransom'd souls sing,
 With angels above,
 To Jesus your king,
 Who rules by his love:
 Possession he's taken
 Of endless renown,
 In heav'n he's waiting
 To welcome you home.

For you he was slain,
 And groan'd with the curse;
 And now he doth reign
 In Triumph o'er death:
 All-conqu'ring Jesus,
 The praise thou shalt have;
 Thou died to redeem us,
 And livest to save.

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By grace I would be
A subject of thine,
By mercy made free
From bondage of sin;
And, kept by thy pow'r,
Would give thee the praise,
And trust and adore
Thy treasures of grace.

Thy kingdom of grace
Set up in my heart,
Affording me peace,
And blessings impart:
Raise all my affection
To thee, my dear Lord,
Bring into subjection
My soul to thy word.

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HYMN LI.

*Shall be likened unto a foolish man, which
built his house upon the sand.*

Matt. vii. 26.

How many hopes are built,
Alas, upon the sand;
Nor doth a soul suspect
The building will not stand,
Till Sinai's awful tempest roar,
And then they know, but not before.

The shatter'd building shakes,
No part is found or good;
The guilty conscience quakes
Before the wrath of God:
The killing precept's now sent home,
And down you see the building come.

This is the wretched case
Of those who vainly stand

In works instead of grace,
And built upon the sand;
Whene'er the storm of wrath hath fell,
It sinks such builders down to hell:

Unless the bleeding Lamb,
To bring the soul to God,
Hath held stern Justice' hand,
And interpos'd with blood,
And sav'd the dying from the stroke,
And set the sinking on a rock.

HYMN LII.

*In thy light shall we see light.—Psalm,
xxxvi. 9.*

'Tis in thy light I see
My wretched woeful case;
What need I have, my God, of thee!
And of thy saving grace.

Not all the wit of man
Can make me know my case;

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Thy teachings, Jesus, only can
Instruct my soul in this.

Nor can I mercy know,
From my redeeming God,
But as thy Spirit doth it shew,
In floating streams of blood.

Then, in thy light reveal
To me the Saviour clear;
And, by the promis'd Spirit, seal
My lasting int'rest there.

HYMN LIII.

*And he that cometh to me I will in no wise
cast out.—John, vi. 37.*

If what these words make known
The Holy Ghost apply,
'Twill lead the sinner to the Son,
And find salvation nigh.

The Saviour's word is good,
And, to his own made known;
He seal'd it with his own heart's blood,
For them to rest upon!

His precious gift of faith
Within their breast doth lie,
Applies the merits of his death,
And brings salvation nigh.

Then from his charming tongue,
The tidings spread about;
The soul that thus to me doth come,
In no wise I'll cast out.

HYMN LIV.

*Bringing into captivity every thought to the
obedience of Christ.—2 Corr. x. 5.*

No mortal worm need ever fear
That they shall praise the Lamb too high;
To me 'tis manifest and clear,
His glory's chiefly took away.

When worms of earth, before his face,
Come to boast their will and pow'r,
'Tis plain they know not Jesus' grace,
Nor yet the Lamb of God adore.

May each imagination fall,
And ev'ry rising haughty thought,
That makes not Jesus all in all,
That shuts the Lord of glory out.

My heart to thee obedient raise,
And draw me with thy cords of love;
And cheerful I shall render praise,
To him that sits enthron'd above.

HYMN LV.

*But ye have an unction from the Holy One,
and ye know all things,—1 John, ii. 20.*

SAVING knowledge to the heart,
None but Jesus can impart,
By his unction from above;
All his chosen know his love.

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Letter-learning makes a fool,
Saints are taught in Jesus' school;
Man alone can prompt the heart,
Christ alone can grace impart.

Worldly wisdom ne'er can know,
What from Christ to saints doth flow;
Saints themselves can only tell,
As the Saviour doth reveal.

Lord, instruct my foolish heart,
Saving truth to me impart;
Daily open more my eyes,
Make me to salvation wise.

More of grace make known to me,
Give me clearer views of thee;
Teach me all that's good to know,
Grace and glory to me shew.

HYMN LVI.

*But he that entereth in by the door is the
shepherd of the sheep.—John, x. 2.*

God's elect are Jesus' sheep,
Whom he loves and safe will keep;
They've an unction from above,
And alone his voice approve.

Inward teachings make them know,
When he speaks, and where to go,
Saves them from the hireling's voice,
Bids them in the truth rejoice.

After Jesus they will go,
But a stranger cannot know;
Truth directs them in the road,
Flee from man and trust in God.

When the Saviour's truth they tell,
Then the sheep can listen well;
When they utter solemn lies,
Then the sheep will them despise.

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When they're trying to deceive,
Jesus' sheep shan't them believe;
For he keeps them as his own,
Jesus, may my soul be one.

HYMN LVII.

*He shall glorify me, for he shall receive of
mine, and shall shew it unto you.—*

John, xvi. 14,

SOME talk of power, some of will,
With warmth and zeal and strife;
But wounds from sin the Lord must heal,
And give the dying life.

'Tis not by works, but Jesus' blood,
Nor may a creature boast;
Eternal life's the gift of God,
Shown by the Holy Ghost.

'Tis he, descending from above,
In Jesus' precious name,
Reveals the Saviour's dying love,
And glorifies the lamb.

A pardon full and free, from grace,
 His Spirit doth impart,
 Through Jesus' all-atoning death,
 And seals it in the heart.

Christ's perfect righteousness alone,
 The Spirit doth make known;
 Cries, guilty sinner, you have none,
 But put the Saviour's on.

The work of faith is all his own,
 For man 'tis much too great;
 Maintains the work he has begun,
 And will the same complete.

HYMN LVIII.

Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them.—Gal. iii. 10.

THE law's a working plan,
 Do this, it says, and live,
 But to the ruin'd race of man,
 The law's no strength to give.

No ray of mercy here,
 No ground of hope is found;
 It fills the heart with slavish fear,
 And makes its guilt abound.

It bids the sinner keep
 Its precepts ev'ry one,
 Then curses him awake or sleep,
 Because the work's not done.

But, O this case to tell,
 Should thus the Spirit fly;
 The law will curse the soul in hell,
 To all eternity.

HYMN LIX.

And it became a serpent.—Exod. iv. 3.

To serve the Lord are saints prepar'd,
 By sov'reign grace alone;
 Not in the galleys of a slave,
 But freedom of a son.

Moses his rod a serpent is,
But Jesus' cords are love;
The one will sting your souls to death,
The other leads above.

With this he'll flog your souls within,
No mercy's with him found;
The rod's envenom'd by your sin,
To give a deadly wound.

If, in this awful state you die,
To regions of despair,
The rod of wrath will swiftly fly,
And wound your spirit there.

HYMN LX.

Take my yoke upon you.—Matt. xi. 29.

WHEN God has made a sinner feel
The burden of his sin,
It is a proof he means to heal,
And wash the guilty clean.

'Tis then he speaks unto the heart,
And bids it to him look;
My rest, he says, I'll free impart,
Who all your burden took.

Come, take my yoke, and learn of me,
This work shall easy prove;
For grace shall teach you to obey,
The yoke's a yoke of love.

Lord, bow my soul by grace divine,
Let me this yoke approve;
Instruct me, as thou teachest thine,
To know that God is Love.

HYMN LXI.

Where is the disputer of this world.—

1 Cor. i. 20.

OF Reason's power some will boast,
But, strangers to the Holy Ghost,
No wonder thus they teach;
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For, who but he can make us see
How low we're sunk in misery,
How wretched is our case.

Reason's a guide without her eyes,
A stranger to the sacrifice
Of God's incarnate son;
The simple hear her wild advice,
And, in her councils some rejoice,
Until the foul's undone.

Above her reach, the mystery
Of Christ's redeeming love, I see,
By grace alone 'tis shewn;
These lengths proud Reason cannot go,
To better teachings she must bow,
If ere salvation's known.

HYMN LXII.

Crying, Grace, grace unto it.—
Zeck. vi. 7.

ALL hail! Eternal Grace,
Thy fame I'd tell above,

That gave my worthless soul a place
In everlasting love.

'Twas Grace that heav'd his breast
With kind designs to me!
And in his cov'nant fix'd me fast,
To all eternity.

'Twas Grace that sent the Son
To shed his vital blood,
To ransom me, a wretch undone,
And bring me near to God.

'Twas Grace the Spirit gave,
To make me know my sin,
That made me cry, Lord Jesus, save,
For I am all unclean.

Grace taught my soul to pray,
And wait before the throne:
Grace led me in the blood-track way,
And brought the blessing down.

Whate'er I have from God,
 I own is all of Grace,
 Descending thro' the Saviour's blood,
 And Grace shall have the praise.

HYMN LXIII.

*Children, have ye any meat?—
 John, xxi. 5.*

WHAT voice is this, so kind, so sweet,
 Says, Children, have you any meat?
 'Tis Jesus speaks, the children hear,
 And joy to find their friend so near.

The Saviour's own are oftimes tried,
 But Christ their Saviour will provide;
 Each earthly good the Lord will grant,
 As Mercy sees the children want.

These favour'd ones the Lord will try,
 And watch them with impartial eye;
 And when they cry, their God doth hear,
 And soon they find their Jesus near.

Whatever creatures want beside,
The Lord will for his own provide;
Give them supplies of earthly good,
And feed their souls with heav'nly food.

But if the Saviour be not nigh,
And Zion's children want supply,
It's but to raise their faith in God,
That they may have a greater good.

Lord, with thy children may I share,
And prove my Jesus daily near;
Be thou my Father, God, and Friend,
And love and save me to the end.

HYMN LXIV.

And behold a greater than Solomon is here.

Matt. xii. 42.

OF all the grandees of the earth,
A greater never yet came forth,
Than was King Solomon;

But here in sacred writ I see,
A greater far than ere was he,
God's own Eternal Son.

The first design'd to represent,
The latter was the person meant,
With honour all divine :
His glory and his dignity,
The brightest angels cannot see,
It doth their minds outshine.

Peace did attend the former's reign,
But, endless peace shall Christ maintain,
Thro' all his kingdom vast ;
Establish'd on his royal throne,
The Father promis'd to the Son,
It shall for ever last.

The king was rich to vast amount,
But, 'twas what mortal men might count,
And to an end be brought ;
But treasure vast, in Christ our Friend,
No mortal man can comprehend,
Nor have the angels thought.

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The first in wisdom did excel
 All mortals that on earth did dwell,
 'Twas given from above :
 But, wisdom great in Christ we find,
 Beyond the brightest angel's mind,
 In his redeeming love.

The greater has the less outshone,
 As stars before the rays of sun,
 It plainly doth appear;
 As oft as God's Eternal Son
 Doth condescend for to come down,
 The greater's with us here.

HYMN LXV.

*The heart is deceitful above all things, and
 desperately wicked: who can know it?—
 Jer. xvii. 9.*

COULD such a thing be done,
 The human heart to shew,
 Its awful vileness to make known,
 And set in open view.

And if it was my heart,
I'm sure the awful scene
Would make the blackest sinner start,
And dash the very fiends.

What monsters there have birth,
No human tongue can tell;
'Tis match'd by none upon the earth,
Nor by the damb'd in hell.

Let others boast their good,
Who're strangers to their heart;
But all my boast's in Jesus' blood,
For hell is my desert.

While some on works rely,
And talk of good they do,
Lord, save a sinner, I must cry,
For I've no good to shew.

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HYMN LXVI.

*Thou hast made my mountain to stand strong :
thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled.*
—*Psal. xxx. 7.*

WHEN I, thro' grace, at Jesus' feet,
In humble faith am laid,
I feel my mind so calm, so sweet,
I think my foes all dead.

Thus vainly dreams my simple heart,
I shall see war no more ;
My joy, it never shall depart,
My mountain standeth sure.

While thus at ease, in state I sit,
My pride doth hunt for praise ;
Talks of a victory complete,
But not of Jesus' grace.

Then Jesus brings some trouble near,
To rid me of this pride ;

My foes all arm'd do soon appear,
And I am fill'd with dread.

Now faints my heart within my breast,
My mount, it disappears;
My soul can find no place of rest,
My faith is lost in fears:

Till Jesus doth in love appear,
To rid me of my bands:
And brings his loving kindness near,
With pardon in his hands.

HYMN LXVII.

*King Solomon made himself a chariot of the
wood of Lebanon.—Cant. iii. 9.*

THE chariot that's here
Is Jesus's own,
He did it prepare,
To fetch his bride home:

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Tho' now here on the earth
 Remote she doth lie,
 He'll safely convey her
 In this to the sky.

And when he shall come
 To take his bride home,
 With earth she hath done,
 And ascends to the throne;
 Kind angels shall bear her
 To mansions of bliss,
 And home she rides singing
 Hosannah to Christ.

HYMN LXVIII.

The midst thereof being paved with love.—
Cant. iii. 10.

A CHARIOT here we find,
 That's form'd by heav'nly love,
 And for the chosen race design'd,
 To bear them safe above.

The Lord he did it make,
To answer his design;
Pillows and bottom are complete,
In wisdom all divine.

The bottom is of gold,
The Godhead of the Son,
What fully saints can not behold,
Nor angels look upon.

This is the Son of God,
In human form we find;
And when he shed his precious blood,
His merit was divine.

If he's not really God,
There's not a soul can live,
For tho' he shed his precious blood,
He has no life to give.

But those he bought with blood,
Find this their point of rest;
Their Saviour is the mighty God,
And saints are ever blest'd.

HYMN LXIX.

For their rock is not as our rock:—Deut.

xxxii. 31.

MY Jesus is the living rock,
And by his Father's firm decree,
Did once receive the dreadful stroke,
To ransom such a wretch as me:
And now his love my soul adore,
That's made my standing all secure.

Upon this rock of ages, I,
By saving grace, do firmly stand,
And now expect, whene'er I die,
I shall arrive in Canaan's land:
For O the joy I feel to tell,
This rock's above sin, death, and hell.

Mortal power can't hurt me here,
And devils vent their rage in vain,
While Christ, my refuge, doth appear,
Unmov'd the rock will ere remain:

My standing here shall ever last,
For Jesus' arms will hold me fast:

Until my soul shall soar above,
And reach thro' grace the heav'nly shore,
And join to blest redeeming love,
With those that do this rock adore;
And own and blest my God, my Friend,
That safely kept me to the end.

HYMN LXX.

*By whom also we have access, by faith, into
this grace wherein we stand.—Rom. v. 2.*

WHEN once a soul believes,
And trusts the Saviour's blood,
A pardon it receives,
From its forgiving God;
And though he meet ten thousand foes,
Their rage, thro' Christ, he shall oppose.

This faith it is from grace,
And by the spirit wrought,

It gives the Lamb the praise,
By whom salvation 's brought;
And well supports to bear each load,
And onward helps the soul to God.

It treadeth down the world,
And banishes despair;
The mountains hence are hurl'd,
When it is join'd with prayer:
To God it looks, its changeless Friend,
And trusts his love unto the end.

The wounded heart doth heal,
By the Redeemer's blood,
And makes the sinner feel
The inward peace of God:
It bids the fear of hell depart,
And brings salvation to the heart.

HYMN LXXI.

Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost.—Heb. vii. 25.

Poor sinners sing the slaughter'd Lamb,
No song so sweet, so good,
There's full salvation in his name,
And pardon in his blood.

The wounded here shall find a cure,
From Jesus' balm of grace,
A full salvation is secure,
For all the chosen race.

The dying here shall life obtain,
And live anew to God,
Shall cheerful bless the heav'nly lamb,
And triumph in his blood.

He ever lives to intercede,
Now in the courts above,
For ev'ry soul the Lamb doth plead,
That's in the Father's love.

HYMN LXXII.

And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.—1 John, i. 7.

WHEN conscience brings a num'rous charge,

And Moses doth my soul condemn,
And brings in bills exceeding large,
The slaughter'd Lamb shall answer them.

He paid my ransom with his blood,
And all the mighty score did quit,
Nor law nor justice can make good
Another payment of the debt.

Justice and mercy now can meet
The soul for whom the Saviour bled,
That's humble found at Jesus' feet,
Who was thro' grace its ransom made.

But ask the Lord's receipt in full,
'Tis this shall make thy payment clear,

In Jesus' blood support thy soul,
And banish all thy guilty fear.

The law can not thy soul enlarge,
Nor give thy guilty conscience rest,
'Tis Christ alone can thee discharge,
And send thee pardon to thy breast.

HYMN LXXIII.

*And I will raise up for them a plant of re-
nown.—Ezekiel, xxxiv. 29.*

THERE'S one that fills the skies,
A plant of high renown,
A tree desir'd to make one wise,
That brings salvation down.

It beareth goodly fruit,
And always on the bloom,
Which ev'ry fainting soul doth suit,
And shed on Jesus' own.

Whoever on it feeds,
No real want shall know;

No fruit besides the spirit needs,
But on this plant doth grow.

This tree's both rich and good,
It grows on Calvary,
And, water'd with the Saviour's blood,
Bears precious fruit for me.

This branch's not only fair,
Yet treach'rous to the eye,
Each soul that eats the fruit it bears,
Shall live and never die.

No longer may I trust,
Nor live upon my frame,
But make the Lamb my only boast,
And leave my all with him.

HYMN LXXIV.

*Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will
of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of
God.—John, i. 13.*

NOT from the will of man nor blood,
Doth the believer come,

But each renewed child of God,
Is an adopted son.

His parent is the mighty Lord,
His brethren are the saints,
By grace he lives upon the word,
And Christ supplies his wants.

And he from everlasting love,
The Holy Ghost receives,
Descending from the court above,
By which his soul believes.

This living grace within the heart,
A witness firm and sure,
The Holy Ghost doth free impart,
And gives believing pow'r.

It works by faith within the heart,
To the redeemed train,
Forbids the soul with Christ to part,
And proves we're born again.

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HYMN LXXV.

*But Peter said unto him, although all shall be
offended, yet will not I.—Mark, xiv. 29.*

How wrong is the man
That trusteth his heart,
And thinketh he can
Act any good part :
The whole's a pretention,
And weakness within,
But proves the invention,
And leaves him to sin.

So Peter once spoke,
And spoke as he thought,
But soon comes the stroke,
And down he is brought :
His courage's now tried,
His weakness is prov'd,
And Christ is denied,
The God that he lov'd.

'Tis here that I see,
How helpless I am,

High-minded I be,
But soon overcome :
All perfect in weakness,
Whene'er I am tried,
And here is the witness,
I've Jesus denied.

Thus helpless are all,
Yet pride it will rise,
Then soon comes a fall,
That fills with surprise :
Inward strength there is none,
Self-will doth appear,
Our courage is all gone,
We fail in the war.

Thus Peter did fall,
Dear Saviour keep me,
Or quickly I shall,
So helpless I be :
My God weaken my pride,
Give filial fear,
Keep me near to thy side,
And shelter me there.

HYMN LXXVI.

And presently the fig-tree withered away.—

Matt. xxi. 19.

LORD, in thy word I plainly see,
How dreadful is a curse from thee,
 Attended with thy pow'r;
A fig-tree looks with luring bloom,
But, curs'd of thee, is quickly gone,
 In less than half an hour.

How great thy might, eternal God,
And how effectual thy word,
 Whenever it doth come;
Nature must hear its sov'reign call,
And blooming trees must with'ring fall,
 And all their verdure's gone.

And here professors you may see,
A picture drawn of such as thee,
 Who bear no gospel fruit;

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The Lord will blast a full-blown head,
And strike all leafy branches dead,
And pluck them up by root.

Ye children of the Lord rejoice;
Your life of soul is hid in Christ,
No curse can reach you here;
That righteous root and fruitful bough,
Will make and keep you fruitful too,
Then daily seek it there.

Lord, try my reins, and search my heart,
Thy saving grace to me impart,
And purge my soul from dross;
Thy cov'nant-love to me make known,
Seal me thy own adopted son,
And save me from the curse.

HYMN LXXVII.

*Behold I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin
did my mother conceive me.—Psalms, li. 5.*

How shall I come to thee,
Who sits enthron'd in light,

And ne'er can evil see,
But hateful in thy sight :
I'm all unclean, and black as hell,
Deep stain'd within, my nature foul.

Born with this nature foul,
The source of ev'ry sin,
I grew a leprous foul,
With ev'ry part unclean :
A captive born, and prone to stray,
I, from the womb, have rov'd away.

From this inflicted spring,
Polluted waters flow,
Nor doth an holy thing,
In all my nature grow :
My heart, a most ~~degen~~'rate root,
Produceth only sinful fruit.

And what can cleanse the stain?
My Saviour's blood alone ;
This only purgeth sin,
And doth for it atone :

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Dear Saviour wash my guilty soul,
The plague remove, and make me whole.

Thy glorious image raise,
My God, within my heart,
And I shall render praise,
If thou the grace impart:
Shall hymn thy rich atoning blood,
And feel it bring the peace of God.

HYMN LXXVIII.

*Which were born, not of blood, nor of the
will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but
of God.—John, i. 13.*

A CHILD of God don't spring
From blood of mortal race;
A nobler birth each one can sing,
For all are born of grace.

Nor all the will of man
Can change one sinful heart;
His sense nor reason never can
A ruin'd soul convert.

Blind man ne'er found the way
 To make a child of God;
 The more they try, they farther stray,
 'Tis out of nature's road.

God's promis'd Spirit, he
 Alone can do the thing;
 Alive our souls will never be,
 While unrenew'd by him.

Celestial birth is his,
 Unto the chosen dear;
 By him they realize the bliss,
 And love and praise him here.

His power may I feel,
 Each day upon my heart;
 The Saviour's death to me reveal,
 And shew me there my part.

Make me a child of God,
 Seal'd an heir of heav'n;
 And wash me clean in Jesus' blood,
 And shew each sin forgiv'n.

HYMN LXXIX.

ON THE DEATH OF A BELIEVER IN
JESUS.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.—
Rev. xiv. 13.

FIRM it stands, and for ever sure,
Is God's eternal word;
Bless'd are the dead for evermore,
That die in Christ the Lord.

Our dear departed sister's gone
Unto that happy place;
To taste the pleasures God's prepar'd,
For ev'ry child of grace.

Releas'd from flesh and ev'ry load,
And bid to mount above;
In glory she sits down with God,
To celebrate his love.

No interposing veil between,
To keep her from his sight;

In perfect glory him she sees,
Who was her soul's delight.

Not darkly now as thro' a glass,
Nor yet by faith she sees,
But she beholds him face to face,
In the bright realms of bliss.

And could we hear how sweet she sings,
Of Jesus' matchless love;
What noble songs, what joyful themes,
In that sweet world above:

How would the notes our bosoms fire,
To mount and soar above;
To join with her the blissful choir.
And chant redeeming love.

HYMN LXXX.

*What is the breadth and length, and depth,
and height.—Eph. iii. 18.*

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
Now take possession of my heart,
Nor let it longer rove

Unmindful of the chiefest good,
But wash it in thy hallow'd blood,
And draw with cords of love.

Thy saving love no tongue can tell,
Its riches are unsearchable;

The first-born sons of light
Desir'd in vain the whole to see,
For none can reach the mystery,
Or comprehend its height.

None but the Lord can tell his love,
Of all on earth, or all above,

O grant it unto me;
And may thy grace each day impart,
This mystery unto my heart,
And I shall happy be.

Cause me each day to dwell in love,
Until my spirit soar above,

To bow before the throne;
And there, with all the host on high,
That sounds its glories thro' the sky,
May I, dear Lord, be one.

HYMN LXXXI.

*There remaineth therefore a rest to the people
of God.—Heb. iv. 9.*

REMO TE from hence, by faith, I view,
The state of the Jerus'lem new,
Where happy minds are blest'd;
And often cast a wishful eye,
And pray to be prepar'd to die,
With Christ and saints to rest.

Were I but landed on that shore,
Where Satan ne'er could tempt me more,
Nor Sin my peace annoy:
O happy I! divinely blest,
With Jesus and his saints at rest,
In everlasting joy.

How gladly could I leave this state,
And all the world calls good or great,
All perfect for to be;

And climb the mount as Moses did,
 And die if my Creator bid,
 Might I but rest with thee.

HYMN LXXXII.

*Which also sat at Jesus feet, and heard his
 word.—Luke, x. 39.*

O THAT I could but willing sit,
 Like Mary at the Master's feet,
 To hear his gracious word;
 List'ning with attentive mind,
 To all he saith, feel well inclin'd,
 To love and serve the Lord.

So daily may I find it sweet,
 To spend my time at Jesus' feet,
 And see his smiling face:
 There drop the penitential tear,
 To me his word of mercy hear,
 And feel his saving grace.

Each sinful care be banish'd hence,
 About the things of time and sense,
 By Jesus' pow'rful voice:
 May things above engage my mind,
 To these be my whole soul inclin'd,
 And this my happy choice.

HYMN LXXXIII.

One thing have I desired of the Lord.—

Psalm, xxvii. 4.

ZION, the glory of the earth,
 Is unto souls of heav'nly birth,
 All beautiful and fair;
 To it their longing souls aspire,
 With ardent pangs of strong desire,
 To find thy presence there.

Grant this desire, dear God to me,
 A dweller in thy house to be,
 Until my days shall end;
 Constant in all the means of grace,
 A humble seeker of thy face,
 My God, my heav'nly Friend.

And when from earth I'm call'd away;
 Take me to realms of endless day,
 Fair Zion's King to see:
 And in that upper Bethel blest,
 With happy souls in endless rest,
 Ascribe the praise to thee.

HYMN LXXXIV.

*Rather blessed are they that hear the word of
 God and keep it.—Luke, xi. 28.*

THE word of God some understand,
 And much they talk of his command,
 And seem to credit too;
 If this with you is all the case,
 You're like a man that views his face,
 And from the glass doth go.

You're not quicken'd from the dead,
 The word is sealed in your head,
 And final you may fall.
 Howe'er you talk it matters not,
 The word by you is soon forgot,
 It hath no root at all.

The word in letters fair is writ,
 But letters merely ne'er did yet
 Affect a sinner's soul;
 Death only by the letter's shewn,
 Until the promis'd Spirit come,
 To make the sinner whole.

May thy sweet word my spirit cheer,
 And send me down the Comforter,
 To bring it to my heart;
 Thy word of grace to me apply,
 Possess'd of it I'd live and die,
 And never with it part.

HYMN LXXXV.

For thou hast a little strength.—Revelation,
 iii. 8.

My dearest Lord doth know my case,
 He looks on me with smiling face,
 And sees me sunk in thrall;
 He sees me in my sad distress,
 And well he knows my real case,
 He says my strength is small.

From him that strength I did receive,
 'Tis thro' his grace that I believe;

All glory to his name:

And tho' I'm weak, my Lord is strong,
 His strength and grace shall be my song,
 Till I sit down with him.

My sins arise and pain create,
 And Satan tempts with malice great,
 And tries his wiles on me;
 Trembling at death I often stand,
 But, weak believers, thro' the Lamb,
 Shall more than conqu'rors be.

HYMN LXXXVI.

And he commanded us to preach unto the people.—Acts, x. 42.

YE wanton men, beware
 How Jesus you deride;
 In awful pomp he will appear,
 Who once was crucified.

This trump will loud proclaim
The Sov'reign Judge is near;
And earth will melt with fervent flame,
And leave no shelter there

A heav'nly host appears
Around the Judge, well rang'd;
The dead will first their Sov'reign hear,
And then the quick be chang'd.

Ye wise, who're taught by grace,
And hear your Sov'reign Love,
Shall then behold his smiling face,
To welcome you above.

Ye men of impious breath,
Ye foolish mortals, hear;
When Jesus bids you rise from death,
Then where must you appear?

What sad distress for you,
No human tongue can tell;
The curse of God, your righteous due,
Will sink you down to hell.

HYMN LXXXVII.

*Carry them in thy bosom, as a nursing father
beareth the sucking child.—Num.xi.12.*

JESUS, how charming is thy name,
Thy heart, how true and kind!
To-day as yesterday the same,
My Lord, my Friend, I find.

With thee no change of mind is found,
Thou ever constant Friend;
Each soul on whom it is bestow'd,
Thou lovest to the end.

Our weakness all thou well doth know,
But bruised reeds at best;
On fainting souls thy grace bestow,
And bear them on thy breast.

To breasts of love, that ne'er can dry,
By thy own arm us cling;
And sweetly bring the promise nigh,
And bid us suck and sing.

No danger can the soul o'ertake,
That's held in thy embrace;
Tho' winds may blow, & waves may beat,
In safety it shall rest.

Dear Jesus bear me on thy breast;
My hope and comfort raise;
Thy daily care to make me blest,
And mine to render praise.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

My heart is smitten, and withered like grass.
Psal. cii. 4.

ALAS, poor soul, what now?
Come, tell thy sad complaint;
What makes thy trembling spirit bow,
What makes thy heart to faint?

No barren tree so dry,
No flint so hard is found;
No soul so dark, so dead as I,
Sure, on this earthly ground.

Well, Jesus this thee shews,
To let you know you're poor;
Thy wretched heart he will disclose,
That you may prize him more.

His mercy soon will flow,
To ease thee of thy pain;
But with the streams you must not go,
But look thro' them to him.

The streams may quickly turn,
Or bitters in them flow;
Or dry up ere to-morrow morn,
But not the fountain too.

Full is the fountain still,
And doth serenely flow;
It open stands, and always will,
Then, to the fountain go.

Here daily keep thy eye,
While passing on the road;
The smitten rock shall well supply,
While passing home to God.

And when, thro' Jesus' blood,
 You rise to joys refin'd,
 Your rock 's the everlasting God,
 And lasting bliss you'll find.

HYMN LXXXIX.

And now, little children, abide in him.—

1 John, ii. 28.

KIND Jesus, shew me how
 I may in thee abide;
 From foolish wand'rings save me now,
 And keep me near thy side.

Thy side doth shelter well,
 And screen me from my foes;
 From thence a stream of grace I feel,
 A balm for human woes.

When, by thy side I keep,
 My happiness is great;
 But, if I take a wand'ring step,
 Some evil soon I meet.

Draw me with cords of love,
 Still nearer ev'ry day;
 And bind me fast, and hold me still,
 And let me never stray.

Unite me as thy bride,
 Or as a branch and vine;
 And so that death can not divide,
 But leave me ever thine.

HYMN XC.

And he shall let go my captives.—

Is. xlv. 13.

ART thou a captive held in sin,
 And groaning in thy chains;
 The Lord that did salvation bring,
 Can ease thee of thy pains.

Jesus the Lord, a conqu'ror strong,
 The captive soul doth free;
 He breaks the bands that long have bound,
 And gives full liberty.

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For this he doth no booty take,
 'Tis mercy's act alone;
 Go with thy chains about thy neck,
 And fall before the Son.

Tell how thy inmost sins arise,
 Which thou canst ne'er controul;
 Then tell thy grief, and where it lies,
 And open all thy soul.

He'll see thy state, and feel at heart,
 And sympathize with you;
 He'll healthy wounds, and cure the smart,
 And free thy soul shall go.

Then his deliv'rance thou shalt boast,
 To souls both gall'd and griev'd;
 And bid them make the Lord their trust,
 And by the Lamb be freed.

HYMN XCI.

*And given him a name which is above every
name.—Phil. ii. 9.*

JESUS, the name high over all,
Thy Father doth approve;
While sinners at thy footstool fall,
The conquest of thy love.

JESUS, the name thy Father's giv'n,
Unto the chosen dear;
The best of names in earth or heav'n,
To banish ev'ry fear.

No name but this can ere be found
Among the fallen race;
Where living streams of life abound,
And rich redeeming grace.

To me, by grace, this name impart,
And bid me there rely;
It brings salvation to the heart,
And endless glory nigh.

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Spirit Divine, this name reveal,
 Let me its glories see;
 There, by thy grace, my int'rest seal,
 And I shall happy be.

HYMN XCII.

*And enter not into judgment with thy servant:
 for in thy sight shall no man living be jus-
 tified.—Psal. cxliii. 2.*

WHERE must the guilty conscience flee,
 To gain relief from pain?
 No tears nor alms sufficient be,
 To wash away its stain.

From nature's aid no help appears,
 For the whole heart is foul;
 And daily sins increase arrears,
 That burden still thy soul.

Thy conduct fair with men may be,
 And thou accounted just;

But conscience still from God will flee,
If here you put your trust.

No longer try to clothe thy heart,
With merits of thy own;
For God will give the just desert,
And judgment cut you down.

But Jesus smiles, and, from his throne,
The voice of love doth come;
Cast off all works that thou hast done,
And trust my death alone.

Cast all thy sins in Jesus' blood,
And look to him by faith;
So shalt thou give the praise to God,
And triumph in Christ's death.

Then ask the Spirit's full receipt,
Deep graven in thy breast;
'Tis this will make obedience sweet,
And set thy heart at rest.

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HYMN XCIII.

*And when they were come to the place which
is called Calvary, there they crucified him.
Luke, xxiii. 33.*

FROM out thy gates, Jerusalem,
What wonders do I see!
There, on a cross, hangs Christ the Lamb,
For such a wretch as me.

Calv'ry, the mount of endless note,
Christ's execution place,
By saints will never be forgot,
Dear to the chosen race.

The promis'd Saviour, this was he,
This was the Son of God;
Who mercy brought for such as me,
In floating streams of blood.

Most lovely sight, and glorious form,
To one so vile as I;

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I'd creep beside him as a worm,
And hear him groan and die.

While near the cross I take my place,
Thou promis'd Spirit, come;
Reveal to me the Saviour's grace,
And bring salvation home.

HYMN XCIV.

*I am the good Shepherd, and know my sheep,
and am known of mine.—John, x. 14.*

WITH tender care, the Shepherd leads
His precious chosen sheep;
In pastures fair he makes them feed,
And keeps them while they sleep.

A word from him their spirits cheers,
And makes their breasts to burn;
Drives from their hearts all slavish fears
And they go cheerful on.

Of him they think, of him they talk,
And, as they pass along,

How sweet they join, as on they walk,
In this melodious song.

Our Jesus is our hearts' delight,
The Lord of glory, he;
How vast his love! surpassing thought,
To such vile worms as we.

HYMN XCV.

Thou art worthy.—Rev. iv. 11.

OUR grateful songs shall rise,
To our Redeemer's name;
Enthron'd in glory in the skies,
For worthy is the Lamb.

Ye angels round the throne,
That feel the heav'nly flame,
Join in the never-ending song,
For worthy is Lamb.

Ye ransom'd saints on high,
To your Redeemer's fame;
Sound loud his glory thro' the sky,
For worthy is the Lamb.

M ij

And all ye saints on earth,
That glory in his name ;
Each soul that knows the heav'nly birth,
Sing, Worthy is the Lamb.

HYMN XCVI.

PRAISING JESUS.

COME now, ye children of our God,
So dearly bought with Jesus blood ;
Give the Lamb your cheerful praises,
Sweetly hymn the lovely Jesus.

Our souls to save, the Lamb was slain,
To justify, he rose again ;
Ascending high, with conqu'ring love,
He lives to intercede above.

He sends the promis'd Spirit down,
On ev'ry soul he calls his own,
To ripen them for endless joys,
Thro' the Redeemer's sacrifice.

Will and pow'r the Lord bestows,
And Christ, our strength, the Spirit shews,

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He says, for all on him rely;
And then his merits doth apply.

To him be all the glory giv'n,
Who sends the Spirit down from heav'n,
To lead us in the blood-track way
To regions of eternal day.

HYMN XCVII.

*And the cause that is too hard for you, bring
it unto me, and I will hear it.—*

Deut. i. 17.

JESUS.

DISTRESSED soul, to thee I come,
Arise from this thy darksome gloom;
Look up from this thy obscure cell,
And all thy woes and troubles tell.

I come to know from whence arise
Those frequent groans that pierce the skies;
And whence those briny tears that flow,
Mingling with increasing woe.

M iij

SOUL.

What voice is this ? sure 'tis some friend,
To whom I may my cause commend ;
Then tell, kind Friend, thy name to me,
And I my cause will tell to thee.

JESUS.

Soul, I am Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Pray, have you never heard that name ?
A lover I of such as thee,
Come therefore tell thy cause to me.

SOUL.

To thee I'd fain my cause commend,
But will the Lord the Lamb attend,
To hear a feeble broken pray'r,
And bow his still attentive ear ?

JESUS.

Thy cause, poor Soul, however hard,
Made known to me, I will regard ;
But, patient wait, and you shall prove,
I'll end thy cause in boundless love.

I faithful am in all I do,
And all my people prove me so ;
Steadfast believe I'm a kind Lord,
True to my name, promise, and word.

HYMN XCVIII.

Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall.—Prov. xvi. 18.

HEAR, each ambitious silly worm,
 Prompted up by pride,
 At kind rebuke doth rise and storm,
 And counsel kind deride.

In this sad state you dang'rous stand,
 And quickly you will find,
 Some woeful fall is nigh at hand,
 To shame thy prided mind.

Peace from your mind will now depart,
 And that you'll quickly know;
 A precious Christ and upstart heart,
 Together cannot go.

The humble soul is his delight,
 To such the Lord is nigh,

Upholds them by his grace's might,
And hears them when they cry.

HYMN XCIX.

Thy words were found, and I did eat them.—
Jerem. xv. 16.

How precious is thy truth, my God,
Well ratified in Jesus' blood,
And by the Spirit seal'd;
A thousand worlds with this compare,
And worthless they will all appear,
When truth is firmly held.

The quicken'd soul the word doth eat,
Finds it rich and savoury meat,
Prepared by the Lord;
And happy they whom thou doth feed,
Such souls shall grow and thrive indeed,
And live upon the word.

Give me a portion of thy word,
An appetite to eat it, Lord,
And in thy truth confide;

And keep me, Jesus, day by day,
Nor let me from thy truth ere stray,
But constant there abide.

HYMN C.

*And to know the love of Christ which passeth
knowledge.—Ephes. iii. 19.*

O MAY I really thirst to prove,
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ so free;
Nor rest till I his witness feel,
Who can the Saviour's love reveal,
To one so vile as me.

Thy pierced hands and feet, my God,
Thy wounded side and trickling blood,
Shed for thy chosen race,
May I by faith each day descry,
And thou the same to me apply,
And freely save by grace.

Near to thy side cause me to walk,
 And of thy saving love to talk,
 Till I am rais'd above;
 Then when thy work of grace is done,
 Call me to bow before thy throne,
 And blest redeeming love.

HYMN CI.

*He will guide you into all truth.—John,
 xvi. 13.*

PROMIS'D Spirit, heav'nly guide,
 Conduct and lead to Jesus side,
 My roving treach'rous heart;
 There fix my soul, my heav'nly friend,
 And keep me there till time shall end,
 Nor let me willing part.

What sin is there too vile for me,
 Or what's the evil I should flee,
 If thou my soul desert;
 None, in thy light, I clearly see,
 If thou was once to give up me,
 And from my heart depart.

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Give me a will from thy rich grace,
 And pow'r to walk in Jesus' ways,
 And to his glory live;
 A mind each day to watch and pray,
 And faith in Christ with single eye,
 May I from thee receive.

Shew me the Saviour's precious blood,
 Bring to my heart the peace of God,
 And seal and make it sure:
 O keep me safe while here below,
 Prepare my soul for glory too,
 And bless me evermore.

HYMN CII.

Fear thou not.—Isaiah, xli. 10.

COME, mourning souls, dry up your tears,
 Believe the words of Jesus true;
 Now banish all your guilty fears,
 For Christ expir'd in death for you.

See how the purple torrent flows
 Down from the Saviour's pierced side,

A precious balm for all your woes,
Which God the Father did provide.

His blood was shed to cleanse from sin,
And when to us it is applied,
It makes the guilty conscience clean,
While faith beholds the crucified.

'Tis free, and all may freely come,
Who see and feel their need of him;
His word declares there yet is room,
For such as want release from sin.

HYMN CIII.

My soul is even as a weaned child.—

Psalms, cxxxi. 2.

CALL me away from things of earth,
Great Author of celestial birth,

And bid me soar above:

Weaned from all the world beside,

In Jesus' grace I would confide,

And drink full draughts of love.

I would no wild ambition have,
 No worldly grandeur would I crave,
 Wean'd from this earth below;
 Its pining care and gilded show,
 I'd neither wish nor long to know,
 But after Jesus go.

Allure me with thy charms of love,
 And wash my soul in Jesus' blood,
 And bring me near to thee;
 Inf snaring earth from me remove,
 And fix my heart and hope above,
 And I shall happy be.

HYMN CIV.

Faith without works is dead.—James, ii. 20.

IF good the tree is found,
 And rooted well in faith,
 It doth with fruitfulness abound,
 Through the redeemer's death.

Assent can nothing do,
It brings no profit forth;
But gospel-faith, it is not so,
It claims an heav'nly birth.

From love it serveth God,
And acts, by grace, its part,
It draweth pardon from Christ's blood,
And purifies the heart.

Though it's severely tried,
Its victories are sure,
It fights, through Jesus crucified,
And not by human pow'r.

It worketh peace within,
And casts out slavish fear;
It beareth fruit and conquers sin,
And brings salvation near.

This grace bestow on me,
Thou Author of true faith;
And by it may I live to thee,
Through my Redeemer's death.

HYMN CV.

By grace ye are saved,—Ephes. ii. 5.

PREPARE me, blessed God,
To stand before thy face ;
Spirit Divine, apply Christ's blood,
And save me by his grace.

Self-righteousness remove,
Give me a better dress ;
Put on the mantle of Christ's love,
And perfect righteousness.

Remove my ev'ry sin
By Jesus' sacrifice ;
Thou, promis'd Spirit, work within,
And bring me to the skies.

And seal my int'rest firm,
In Jesus' faithful care,
And in the resurrection-morn,
May I with his appear.

When rising from the grave,
Immortal Spirit own,
The soul that Jesus died to save,
And thine own sealed one.

HYMN CVI.

*Return ye backsliding children, and I will
heal your backslidings.—Jerem. iii. 22.*

WITH grief I feel my roving heart,
So daily prone for to depart,
And leave the gospel sweets;
Forgetful of the God of love,
It turns aside from him to rove,
In search of sinful baits.

No skill of mine can stop its course,
It sinful is, and groweth worse
In ev'ry base disguise;
Attacks my soul from day to day,
With fair pretence leads me astray
To vanity and lies.

But though I am by sin undone,
 And native power I have none,
 To heal a roving heart;
 I must not sink in black despair,
 When help in Jesus is so near,
 That he doth free impart.

I will thee love, and heal thee too,
 And freely both of these will do,
 The blessed Jesus says;
 I'll take' your heart that's prone to rove,
 And draw it with the cords of love,
 And lead you in my ways.

Then take this wretched heart of mine,
 And fasten it by love divine,
 And place it near thy side;
 And never let it from thee rove,
 But fix and ground it in thy love,
 Nor more from thee backslide.

HYMN CVII.

But the fruit of the spirit is love.—

Gal. v. 22.

CORRUPTED nature wants
 A portion here below,
 And for it daily pants,
 And after it will go;
 No mind to seek, or soar above,
 A stranger quite to God and Love.

Love is the Spirit's fruit,
 And floats in Jesus' blood,
 And nothing short will suit
 The soul that's born of God:
 This, by the Holy Ghost, is shed
 In hearts for whom the Saviour bled.

'Tis that most precious spring
 The blessed feel above,
 That makes them sweetly sing,
 And bless the God of love:

This, felt by saints beneath the skies,
To heav'n their longing souls arise.

Love lightens all our load,
Helps us to bear the toil,
Directs to Jesus' blood,
And makes the pilgrim smile;
Leads us along the narrow road,
And sweetly bears us home to God.

HYMN CVIII.

PART FIRST.

*I will take the stony heart out of their flesh,
and I will give them an heart of flesh.*

Ezek. xi. 19.

No flint more hard, no stone more dead,
Than is my fallen heart,
Till quicken'd by the Church's head,
Who doth new life impart.

Some tell me I must make it pure,
The work I've tried in vain;
I can as soon the dead restore,
And give them life again.

A sinful, proud, and fruitless part,
Ambition sets us on;
But Christ alone can change the heart,
And then the work is done.

I cannot bear so great a load,
For strength, I feel, I've none;
The work is only fit for God,
And wrought by his own Son.

The Lord, who first created man,
Must raise the fallen race;
Restore the heart to life again,
And fill the lips with praise.

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HYMN CIX.

PART SECOND.

Now to my God I'd lift mine eyes,
O hear me Jesus, while I cry;
The heart of stone from me remove,
Give me a heart of faith and love.

A heart that's fill'd with filial fear,
That often feels its Jesus near;
Quickened to seek each day to God,
And taught to tread the blood-track road.

A heart that may thy altar be,
Where sacrifice, my God, to thee,
Both day and night in flames arise,
Like fragrant incense, to the skies.

A heart by grace made truly meek,
That hears if Jesus softly speak,
That loves thy children and thy cause,
That feels thy blood, and hugs thy cross.

This heart from thee may I receive,
 'Tis thine, dear God, alone to give;
 And then, by grace, it daily raise
 To own the gift, and give thee praise.

HYMN CX.

Thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled.

Psal. xxx. 7.

IF for a moment God's withdrawn,
 His charming smile's withheld,
 I find my soul in darkness moan,
 My heart with horrors fill'd.

Darkness and clouds apace come on,
 And debts, and broken laws;
 And black despair to pore upon,
 When my dear God withdraws.

Doth Jesus love his gospel poor,
 When sunk in soul like me;
 Here, Lord, I'm waiting at thy door,
 And long thy face to see.

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Look thro' the windows of thy love,
 Upon my inmost heart;
 A smile from thee, sent from above,
 Will bid all grief depart.

HYMN CXI.

Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.
Jer. xxxi. 3.

LOV'D of God from everlasting,
 Ev'ry saint of Jesus is,
 But the bliss is known by tasting,
 From the Spirit each receives;
 True witness he,
 Of the life the Saviour gives.

Saved by Jesus from the curse,
 Of a righteous broken law,
 And full redemption from the cross,
 Is the blessing that they know;
 This, from Jesus,
 Doth in streams of mercy flow.

Hither bring your cheerful praises,
To the bleeding dying Lamb;
Sweetly hymn the holy Jesus,
Full redemption's in his name:
All who feel it,
Spread the bless'd Redeemer's fame.

HYMN CXII.

It is finished.—John, xix. 30.

HARK! a voice of love and mercy,
Sounding loud from Calvary,
Speaks to me, a wretch unworthy;
Hear the dying Jesus cry,
It is finish'd,
Hell-deserving soul, for thee.

Sov'reign grace made me attention,
To the animating sound;
This alone, I'd wish to mention,
'Tis the bleeding Saviour's own,
He bestow'd it
On a sinner that had none.

Holy Ghost aloud repeat it,
 Ev'ry hour to my heart,
 Let me never more forget it,
 Never from the cross depart ;
 With my Jesus
 Sweetly entertain my heart.

HYMN CXIII.

I wound and I heal.—Deut. xxxi. 39.

CONVINCE'D by thee, my God, I feel
 How lost, undone am I ;
 Destitute of power and will,
 And without grace must die.

O! deeply search my inmost soul,
 My loving gracious Lord,
 Renew, and make my spirit whole,
 According to thy word.

Let no false hope my spirit raise,
 Nor yet be puff'd by pride,
 But low in dust may I be laid,
 Before the crucified,

May scenes of love and blood each day
Humble and draw my heart;
And grace forbid my soul to stray,
Or from my Lord depart.

HYMN CXIV.

*With loving-kindness have I drawn thee.—
Jerem. xxxi. 3.*

JESUS is the sinners' friend,
Kind and loving to the end,
Dear to all his humble train,
Soul for whom the Lamb was slain.

Mov'd to seek him by his grace,
How they long to see his face;
If their Lord but gentle speak,
How their stubborn spirits break.

Hearts of stone that none could move,
Jesus melts with cords of love;
Or, if words severe he speak,
It's to break of pride the neck.

When he's made them know their hearts,
Heals the needy, then imparts;
Clothes them with a glorious drefs,
Chrift their Lord, and righteoufnefs.

HYMN CXV.

I will fend him unto you.—John, xvi. 7.

FRIEND of friendless finners, thou
Son of God, and heir of blifs,
Send thy promis'd Spirit now,
While we worfhip in this place.

May he give the thankful tone,
While thy praises we proclaim;
Gladly caufe each heart to own,
Worthy is the flughter'd Lamb.

Teach us how to feek and pray,
By thy Spirit from above;
Lead us in the blood-track way,
Here to meet a God of love.

Now provide the hearing hear,
Quicken ev'ry heart to feel;

O ij

Bless us with a filial fear,
Words of truth in us reveal.

Give the speaker utt'rance, Lord,
And thy truth to him impart
Give him light into thy word,
May he speak it from the heart.

Own and bless him in his labour,
While we're waiting for the word:
Manifest thy gracious favour
To thy servant, dearest Lord.

All dependant on thy pow'r,
Do not let one sinner boast;
If we're blessed in this hour,
May we bless the Holy Ghost

HYMN CXVI.

I press toward the mark.—Phil. iii. 14.

SOLDIERS of Christ, press on, press on,
For Christ your King the battle's won;

He calls you in his cause to fight,
He arms you with his grace and might;
Tho' Satan rage, you'll have your right
In endless day.

Fear not, thro' him you'll win the prize,
And mount with triumph to the skies;
Tho' hellish foes beset you round, [down,
Thro' Jesus' might you'll tread them
And fly, ere long, to wear the crown
In endless day.

And when the mighty battle's fought,
And Christ hath you to glory brought;
There in beauteous order class'd,
Conq'ring souls are ever blest'd,
To sing the riches of his grace
In endless day.

HYMN CXVII.

SALVATION BY THE LAMB.

HAIL Immanuel! God with us,
Omega last, and Alpha first;
O ij

Now beaming forth in mercy's rays,
Sinners live to speak thy praise.

In thee thy Father we adore,
Sov'reign Lord of love and power;
Quickening, by the Holy Ghost,
We sinners, who by sin are lost.

How keen the pangs thy teachings give,
But life from death thy saints derive;
The life that Moses ne'er could show,
Thro' Jesus' opening wounds doth flow.

HYMN CXVIII.

How great Jehovah's bounties are,
To them that seek his face;
Kindly he waits to answer pray'r,
With blessings of his grace.

HYMN CXIX.

Pleading for a faithful Minister.

EXALTED Prince of Life, we own
The royal honours of thy throne;

We come to bow before thy face,
Confess our sins, and plead thy grace,

We pray that God the Holy Ghost,
May send a herald unto us,
That hath his mission from above,
Ordain'd by everlasting Love.

Taught by the Spirit, not by men,
That holy scripture may explain,
With deep experience to thy own,
And make thy great salvation known.

May sweetly preach the crucified,
The vile and precious well divide;
May faithful prove unto the end,
And show he is the Bridegroom's friend.

Ne'er pride the hearts of fallen men,
But well the truths of God maintain;
The will, the pow'r of men disdain,
And preach they must be born again.

HYMN CXX.

*It is God that worketh in you both to will and
to do of his good pleasure.—Phil. ii. 13.*

It is surprising odd
What some poor creatures feel,
That own the work of God,
Yet talk of pow'r and will;
That sometimes use the Saviour's name,
Yet glory in the works of men.

Their Babel still they raise,
The produce of their pride;
And, pleas'd to have the praise,
They Jesus cast aside;
At most he can no better fair,
Than with these builders take a share.

But O, his jealous eye,
That's ne'er with idols bound,
Their cunning craft doth spy,
And soon will cast them down:
Their best of works before him fall,
For Christ and grace is all in all.

He works in his a will,
 And gives his chosen pow'r
 His pleasure to fulfill,
 His sacred truth t' explore:
 He calls their faith and works his own,
 Accepts their praise, and wears the crown.

HYMN CXXI.

ON BELIEVERS' BAPTISM.

JESUS, the Church's head,
 Zion's most holy King,
 With thee my longing soul would tread,
 Who did salvation bring.

While to the water, I
 With willing feet would move,
 Instruct my mind, dear God, to see
 The wonders of thy Love.

O leave me not to trust
 An ordinance divine,
 But in my Jesus make my boast,
 And love whate'er is thine.

The Glory, Lord, be thine,
 For these appointed ways;
 O give the substance with the sign,
 And thou shalt have the praise.

HYMN CXXII.

FATHER of Christ, our spirits own,
 We wait before thee now;
 Accept, and bless us in thy Son,
 Obedience is our view.

Inflame our love, increase our hope,
 Our fortitude renew;
 Nor let our fainting spirits droop,
 While Jesus we pursue.

Now, Holy Ghost, come from on high,
 And own the mystic flood;
 The merit of Christ's death apply,
 And wash us in his blood.

HYMN CXXIII.

By what amazing grace
 Doth Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,

Instruct his chosen in his way,
To glorify his name.

He shews how foul we be,
With natures full of sin;
Then shews believing souls the way
He makes the filthy clean.

Baptism doth declare,
The need of Jesus' blood;
Then shews how Christ each chosen heir,
Is bringing nigh to God.

The water's own'd of God,
But, brethren, rest not here,
Salvation's only in Christ's blood,
And no where else but there.

HYMN CXXIV.

BURIED with Christ believers be,
And rise, thro' grace, to brighter day;
To life more sweet than Adam know'd
That life which is the gift of God.

Water can only cleanse the flesh,
But mercy streams in Jesus' death;
For you behold the Son of God,
Baptiz'd with fire, and bath'd in blood.

He shed a fire upon his own,
Not to consume, but melt them down;
And then, into the mystic flood,
By gospel faith, they walk with God.

HYMN CXXV.

FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

LOVELY Jesus, bleeding Lamb,
Now we join to bless thy name,
For this feast of bread and wine,
Thou the food, the favour thine.

Thro' thy mercy, here we come,
Love and grace has made us room;
Brought us in and set us down,
Here, to banquet with thy own.

Condescend to make us know,
What we to thy mercy owe;

I lead us on to realms of day,
Blessing, praising all the way.

HYMN CXXVI.

WHAT object's this that meets my eyes!
In garments died in blood;
That fills my soul with such surprise!
Is this the son of God?

Yes, now I see 'tis he, 'tis he,
That's with salvation dress'd,
He deigns to visit worthless me!
And with a worm to feast.

Eat, friend, he cries, and drink, belov'd,
This feast did I prepare:
O fix this heart, nor let it rove,
While Jesus is so near.

HYMN CXXVII.

OBEEDIENT to thy sacred word,
Commemorating of thy love;

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We're at thy table, waiting, Lord,
For promis'd blessings from above.

Come down, and at thy table sit,
And let us see thy smiling face;
'Tis this that makes our blifs complete,
Communion with the King of Grace.

HYMN CXXVIII.

THE little fruit I bear,
Should fill my soul with shame;
O give me, Lord, a constant care,
To glorify thy name.

A deep concern create
Within my thoughtless heart;
And then go on for to complete,
Thy own most blessed work.

May I, by faith, discern
The crucified Lamb;
And make it, Lord, my chief concern,
To glorify his name.

HYMN CXXIX.

ORDAIN'D by everlasting love,
The Saviour's table's spread;
And here I wait till call'd above,
To banquet with my head.

O may the love that spread the feast,
My cheerful hope now raise,
And shew me I'm a welcome guest;
And God shall have the praise.

HYMN CXXX.

'Tis he that left the realms of bliss,
To visit dying men,
Prepares for us this sacred feast,
And bids us welcome in.

Thou, Jesus, art the living bread,
The wine shews forth thy blood;
And when, by faith, on these we feed,
We glory in our God.

O clothe us with thy spotless robe,
And bring us near to thee;
Let each be found the guest of God,
And we shall happy be.

HYMN CXXXI.

ALL hail! thou rich and matchless grace,
That gives my worthless soul a place,
Here, at thy table, blessed God,
To eat thy flesh and drink thy blood.

Why, Saviour, me? I cannot tell,
'Tis mercy free, I know it well;
But why to me, dear Saviour, why?
While numbers rove from thee and die.

O Jesus! thou hast will'd it so,
Grace brought me here, and keeps me too;
To grace employ my soul in praise,
Now, and to everlasting days.

HYMN CXXXII.

WHEN at thy table, Lord,
I'm helped to appear,
Thy name for to record,
And pay my homage there;
I look around and think it sweet,
That any at thy table sit.

But O! within my heart
There s something greater yet,
That I should have a part,
And at thy table sit;
Neighbours, you well may gaze at me,
While here a guest with Christ I be.

And I must wonder too,
And wonder well I may,
Why Christ this grace should shew,
To such a wretch as me;
I dare not say that I am meet!
The chief of sinners, here I sit.

From hence I cannot stray,
My Lord has bid me come;
O cast each fear away,
And shew me there is room:
And while I feast, shed down thy grace,
That I may love thy name and praise.

HYMN CXXXIII.

THE love of Christ, our Friend,
Demands a grateful song;
Kind Spirit, now on us descend,
And move both heart and tongue.

Thy favour here we fought,
And we've been richly fed;
The best of blessings thou hast brought,
And on thy table spread.

Now, bid us go in peace,
And keep us by thy care;
And may we grow each day in grace,
Till we in heav'n appear.

HYMN CXXXIV.

Now, to the Master of the feast,
 We'd raise a thankful song;
 And sing the riches of his grace,
 And his salvation own.

His grace is rich, and freely shed,
 And worthy is his name;
 By him our souls are sweetly fed,
 And blessed be the Lamb.

HYMN CXXXV.

Grace, the wonderful theme!
 No mortal tongue can tell;
 It gave up Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
 To ransom him from hell.

It makes him now our food,
 Gives appetites to eat;
 And with salvation spreads the board,
 Where his redeemed sit.

HYMN CXXXVI.

THEE, Father, now we bless,
And thy coequal Son,
The Spirit of thy Grace,
Eternal Three in one;
That spread for us a royal feast,
And call'd us in to be thy guest.



*From the Herald Printing Office,
Great Berkhamsted, Herts,*

BY W. M'DOWALL,

Mar. 29, 1800.

